

sleep that is among the lonely hills'; as in
 Virgil's 'arnica
 silenria lunae', or Alcman's verses on evening
 srilbess, less
 known than Goethe's famous adaptation of
 them:
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Now sleep the mountain-summits, sleep the
 glens,
 The peaks, the torrent-beds; all things that
 creep
 On die dark earth lie slumbering in their
 dens;
 Hushed are the mountain-beasts, the race of
 bees,
 The monsters lurking in the purple seas;
 Deep
 The birds of heaven sleep.

No less perfect are the lines of our own
 Arnold with
 Ms classic love of tranquil things:

Round our hearts with Ipng caresses,
 With low sighs hath silence stole.
 Is not on cheeks like those
 Lovely the flush?
 Ah, so the quiet was,
 So was the hush.

But of the simpler charm of silence I know
 no praises to
 equal Herrick's. Poet of perfect ear, he has
 almost a
 passion for quiet, or those gentle sounds
 that break its
 hush so little as to make it but the deeper:

The mellow touch of musick most doth
 wound
 The Soule, when it doth rather sigh, than
 sound.
 Upon thy Forme more wrinkles yet will fall,
 And comming downe, shall make no noise at
 all.
 Fall on me like a silent dew
 Or like those Maiden showers,
 Which by the*peepe of day, doe strew
 A baptime o're the flowers.